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Music Teacher, Christian College.

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STANZAS.

BY T. A. CONRAD.

What is the pomp of wealth but idle splendor;
What is ambition but a meteor's gleam,
If the heart's doom is never to surrender
To the sweet influence of Love's glorious dream?

'Tis this alone can give the undying flower
To the dark, thorny path of human life;
'Tis this alone can gild the gloomy hour,
Or win the passions from their fearful strife.

When fate has torn two kindred hearts asunder,
Around the ruin mocking smiles may play;
Thus cataracts rend the rocks o'er which they thunder
Whilst radiant Iris dances in their spray.

Alas! for him who feels no warm heart beating;
Who hears no music from affection's lips;
Whose gaze no welcoming blush is daily meeting—
This life for him is in a dark eclipse.

In vain for him the love-taught bird is singing,
In vain sweet blossoms cluster in the trees;
No voice of nature in his heart is ringing;
No balm for him in summer's evening breeze.

'Tis not for him the dewy morn is weeping,
Hymning sweet tunes of heavenly harmony;
'Tis not for him Diana smiles while sleeping,
Or spreads her mantle o'er the tranquil sea.

The sweetest picture fancy ever cherished,
Like April's orient sky is clouded o'er;
For him the loveliest flowers of hope have perished,
And heaven shall echo in his heart no more.

Cold, cold and dead to every purer pleasure,
No young hopes springing in his wintry breast;
'Tis not for him to know the priceless treasure,
The gem of earth which far outshines the rest.

In vain he goes through various climes a ranger,
Still the cold shadow on his soul will fall;
He walks the crowded earth a lonely stranger
And dies beneath fair Eden's fatal wall.

According to Mons. Pierre Veran, Victor Hugo writes with astonishing rapidity when he is fairly at work on a drama, novel or poem. He has never taken more than fifteen days for the longest of his plays; and he has written an act, in verse, in a single day. But though taking only the actual time necessary for writing, he has often carried the subject in his mind for a year, and the single day's work may have been the fruit of six months' hard mental labor.

TEN MINUTES IN OLYMPUS.

BY EAJAYENNE.

"I'd rather be a dog and bay the moon." This was the answer I received from the Professor when I asked him to accompany me to the Amphitheatre of the Academy of Music to hear Theodore Thomas. He and the Doctor and I had not been able to make up our minds how we should dispose of our evening, and as we sauntered up Broad Street, I remembered the attraction at the Academy. I had a plan of my own, which I had found by experience to be an excellent one, for enjoying these instrumental concerts and I was, therefore, insisting upon going to the Amphitheatre.

"I say again, I'd rather be a dog and bay the moon, having such a moon as this to bay, than do anything so absurd. What! why think what you ask of me. Loveliest Luna laves with liquid light"—

"Nay! an thou lov'st me, Hal, no more of that," I interrupted.

"Well, in plainest prose then, it is little short of madness to think of forsaking this pure air and lovely moonlight to sit in the Academy or anywhere else, no matter what the musical or dramatic attraction may be; and as for expecting me to carry my two hundred and thirty-five pounds of muscles, bones and adipose tissue up to the Amphitheatre, why it is, as I said before, simply absurd. I prefer the good company of the moon and, like the reasonable fellow you are, I have no doubt you will also when you reflect a little."

"I have reflected," said I, "and the more I reflect the more I am convinced that it is the same moon I saw last night and that it will have the kindness, in all probability, to exhibit itself without much change to-morrow night. But remember that before next year, although the moon will still shine as now, Thomas may be gathered to his fathers and who will then play for us the Traumerei? Some horrible epidemic may break out among his fiddles, some unforseen calamity may afflict his flutes. Those who scrape on strings may be paralyzed, those who toot on horns may become asthmatic, then how will we ever again hear Les Preludes? No, there is nothing like enjoying in the present that which we may not be able to enjoy in the future. Therefore to hear Thomas I go to-night. And, to use your own words, like the reasonable fellow you are I have no doubt you will also, when you reflect a little. What do you say, Doctor?"

The Doctor had taken no part in the discussion but seemed perfectly content to allow us to settle the dispute in our own way. He seemed to wish for no other enjoyment than the passive one of living, as he gazed at the moon and hummed the serenade from Don Pasquale. Indeed he had not heard what we had been saying and when thus appealed-to he turned and lazily inquired what was the matter. After I had repeated my arguments in favor of stopping at the Academy, he assured me that nothing he could say would be of the slightest value when opposed to such nuggets of wisdom, that he had no doubt I would carry my point sooner or later and therefore what was the use of arguing; why had I interrupted his meditation? but having done so would I have the goodness to whistle for him the first two or three bars of Bach's and then let him alone?

Having performed that service for him to his satisfaction, he became again absorbed in the moon, and I resumed my argument with the Professor. I lavished upon him all my eloquence in describing the varied attractions of the programme. I gave him an historical sketch of the music of the future, accompanied by a glowing panegyric on Wagner; I described the sensations of any moderately sensitive man when the exquisite pianissimo of Schubert's Traumerei, becoming a mere silvery thread of sound, the musical calm grows almost painful, and the breath is held, and the heart beats all too loudly. I finished by assuring him I had a suggestion to make with regard to one of the numbers, which, if he had as much imagination as usually fell to the lot of a respectable frog, would fully repay him for all the labor of ascent and the deprivation of the moonlight. I declined making any explanations upon this important subject until we reached the amphitheatre. I gained my point as we reached Locust Street, where he made his last show of opposition.

"It is sheer madness," said he, "to go at all, but why go up so high; will you not have mercy

upon me and allow me to stay on the ground floor?"

"That cannot be thought of," I answered, "for one moment. Our principal enjoyment would be lost if we listened to the programme of this evening from any other part of the house. What we must do to secure that enjoyment cannot be done among the kid-gloved respectability of the Parquet or Balcony.

"Well, well," answered he, with a rather bad grace, "'A wilfu man maun hae his way,' but there is one thing I must insist upon: It will be utterly impossible for me to go through with the task before me without having something to sustain my already drooping energies, and I therefore propose that we fortify ourselves with a glass of beer."

To this the Doctor decidedly objected, but fearing that if another argument were commenced we would lose the overture, I joined in persuading him to consent, and having refreshed ourselves in the manner proposed, we returned to the Academy.

Having gained my point I now felt at liberty to acknowledge that the night was superlatively lovely. It was late in May and the moon shed its silvery radiance on spire, and house-top, and street, making the lamps in front of the Academy, and the lights in the saloon windows opposite, seem yellow and smoky in comparison. A delicate breeze wafted to us the perfume of the half-opened Magnolias from a neighboring garden, and the sweet hum of conversation and sounds of happy laughter from hurrying pleasure-seekers, reached us from every side. In truth, the inducements were great to prolong our walk. Sweet sights, and sweet sounds, and sweet odors, all wooed us to remain where we were, but within the Academy of Music, looming up in its dear old red-brick ugliness, which even the moon could scarcely make artistic, were to be sweet sounds which were more attractive to me, perhaps by reason of the fact that they were not to be heard every night, than chink of gold to miser. Was not Thomas to perform the Pastoral Symphony, the Tannhauser Overture, the Traumerei, and above all, as far as I was concerned, Weber's incomparable "Invitation a la Danse?"

Having purchased our tickets we commenced our upward march.

"Oh!" said the Professor, with a long sigh, when we had reached the second landing, "Oh! for the wings of a dove."

"The wings of a dove!" said the Doctor, "they would be of a great deal of use to two hundred and thirty five pounds of humanity. You had much better Oh! for a dumb-waiter. It would be far more to the purpose."

We then proceeded on our way and at length reached our destination.

"Now, my friends," said I, "this is what I have to propose: Let us sit together for the present and enjoy the Symphony and the overture according to our individual capibilities and I will tell you more anon."

The Professor grew dark as a thunder-cloud as he said scornfully—"Is that the suggestion about which there was so much mystery? Faith, I do not see how we can do otherwise, being here, than listen to the programme until endurance ceases to be possible and then I suppose we may go out; but we might have done all that from the Parquet with far less trouble and I do not see how the kid-gloved respectability could have interfered with us. Your advice is notable for neither originality nor brilliancy; and I must say, I consider myself more to be pitied than ever for I now find I have been brought up here on false pretences."

"Possess thy soul in peace, my son," said I, "not all at once shalt thou enjoy the good things which are in store for thee. Have I not said 'more anon?' In good time will light be let in upon the darkness of thine understanding. In the meantime study the frescoes and endeavor to acquire a certain measure of contentment, for upon thy state of mind much this evening dependeth. He who allows the pleasures of the future to be clouded by the sorrows of the past is, in the words of the sage Abdallah, deficient in wit, and hath it not been truly said that the minutes of a man's life being neither as the leaves on the trees nor the grains of sand on the sea-shore—"

Here, fortunately, the orchestra which had assembled on the stage while these sage aphorisms were being spoken, commenced the Pastoral Symphony and I became all ears.

It is needless to attempt a description of the performance. A musical sound can no more be described in words than a sun-beam can be painted in yellow ochre, and for those who have not heard our great Orchestra language is utterly powerless to communicate any idea of the pleasure experienced while listening to its performances. Much might (of course) be said of the wonderful degree of training exhibited, of the control of the conductor over his men and the confidence of the men in their conductor, of the way in which they all, from the first fiddle to the kettle-drum, seem to be governed by the baton as a horse is governed by the reins, or a ship by the rudder; but all this is known to every one, so that the excellence of the musical result goes without saying. The performance of the most exquisite of Symphonies was such as would have given delight to Beethoven himself and it is doubtful if Wagner could have found fault with the rendering of his Tannhauser Overture.

These being finished, the Traumerei was next to be performed and after that was to come the Invitation, so that the time had arrived for a farther development of my plan. I therefore explained to my friends that to fully enjoy what was to follow, it would be necessary for us to separate, so that our attention might be entirely concentrated on the music. "Let us, therefore" I continued, "select places on the other side of the Amphitheatre, where you observe there is plenty of room, each one taking to himself an entire bench; let us place ourselves in the most comfortable position—for my part, I prefer to lie down—so that mind and body will be at perfect ease; then, fixing our gaze on the frescoes overhead, let us concentrate all our senses in that of hearing and give the imagination full play. If, after complying with these instructions, when the Invitation is being performed, you cannot fancy that the frescoed gods are endowed with life and moving to the exquisite sounds ascending to them, you will be much more objects of pity than blame. The first thing to be done is to endeavor to lose all consciousness of our surroundings."

"Your advice to lie down is the most sensible thing you have said this evening," remarked the Professor, upon whom the Symphony had produced a decidedly soothing effect. I do not doubt that in a very few minutes I will have lost all consciousness of my surroundings; that is to say, I will be comfortably asleep, and all I ask of you is to awaken me when you have made up your mind to go home. As for imagining that the frescoes are alive, and all that sort of thing, I am content to leave that to you."

"Nevertheless," said the Doctor, "the plan is worth trying and whether we be transported to Olympus or fall asleep, we at least have had an explanation of our friend's mystery, so let us do as we are advised and see what the gods will send us."

While this conversation was going on the Traumerei had been finished and having been as usual rapturously encored, in response thereto Haydn's Serenade was being performed, and before the last note was played we had settled ourselves as comfortably as circumstances would permit and were patiently awaiting the result.

This experiment was one I had tried with a great deal of pleasure on former occasions. I had been able with very little exercise of the imagination to regard the groups so beautifully frescoed around the chandelier as endowed with motion and acting according to their different characteristics. I felt confident, from the almost celestial beauty of Weber's Invitation a la Danse, that if I gave full play to my fancy during its performance the result would be even a higher enjoyment of this kind than I had ever before experienced, but I was far from being prepared for the full effect which was produced.

Scarcely had the first few bars of the introduction been performed when surroundiug objects began to lose their objective identity. The theatre and the people disappeared, the hard bench upon which I lay was no longer felt, the roof of the dome above me melted away, the chandelier was curiously transformed, the frescoed gods and godesses, were no longer creatures

of pigment but were endowed with life and motion and voice, and I had scarcely time to gaze around me when the goddess with the fair hair tied with a pink ribbon, who sits at the right of the Minerva of the Academy, advanced toward me and bade me welcome to Olympus.

I must confess that Olympus as I now beheld it, bore a certain transcendental resemblance to the Olympus with which we have been made familiar by the Second Act of Orphée aux Enfers. There were no trees or verdure of any kind to be observed, but their place was supplied by cloud masses so wonderfully diversified in form and so exquisite in coloring, that the mind did not look for the terrestial adornments of tree and flower and running stream. Gorgeous masses of crimson and golden cumuli, rivaling in splendor the best effects of Autumn sunsets, were gently wafted by sweet zephyrs, revealing at intervals in the purple distance glimpses of celestial splendor before which my poor human imagination shrank abashed at its own feebleness.

In the centre of the plain of ethereal blue upon which I stood, was a gorgeous throne of crystal inlaid with gems which I recognized as the transformed chandelier, and around this, which at present was unoccupied, were groups of gods, goddesses, nymphs, sprites and cherubs. Some, reposing on banks of clouds, seemed to feel an Olympian indifference to the affairs of gods and men, others gliding majestically along were engaged in serious converse or animated debate whilst others gave themselves up with unrestrained joy to the merriest sportiveness, which, however, never lost its character of godlike grace and majesty.

When my first confusion and amazement had been dispelled, I noticed that the goddesses, although occasionally somewhat *décolletê* in costume, were far from resembling their human personators of the Opera Bouffe and Burlesque Drama. Words are here again powerless to describe their beauty. Whether it took the form of the mature dignity of the goddess Minerva toward whom I was now being led, or the wondrous grace and sweetness of the Hebe who, with beaming glance and rippling laughter, beckoned me in the opposite direction, nothing but what would seem wildest hyperbole presents itself to my mind in thinking of them calmly now. Let each of my readers imagine for himself the highest type of ideal beauty, then let him add to this, the brightness of the sun, the tender purity of the moon, the sweetness of spring breezes laden with scent of apple blossoms, and the undefinable charm of her whom he thinks the nicest girl in the world, and he will after all merely approach an idea of the loveliness I despair of describing.

As I advanced, my self-possession returned to me, and my first confusion, mixed, perhaps, with somewhat of dread, was replaced by an intense desire to make the best use of my time, and see as much as possible of the strange things around me; this feeling, moreover, I had no hesitation in exhibiting to the fullest extent. I was somewhat surprised as I approached the cloud-throne upon which Minerva sat, to observe that, whereas her countenance had at first been wreathed in smiles, and she seemed waiting to give me the kindest greeting, a frown as black as midnight now disfigured the calm serenity of her glorious face. I was not, therefore, entirely unprepared when, raising her arm with an imperious gesture she motioned me to stop, and addressed me thus:

"How! not as of old, with fear and trembling and the dread of gods inexorable, com'st thou up to high Olympus; but with steadfast gaze and curious questioning thou look'st on things which erst had struck thee blind. Hast never heard of light and majesty, and this their dwelling place, or of our awful sway o'er men and things held dear by them? Why art thou thus unterrified?" Far from being frightened, I began to consider the whole thing in the light of what some of my terrestrial friends would call a good joke, and, therefore, assuming as nearly as I was able, a manner similar to her own, I answered:

"Because by birthright, O divine Minerva, I belong to those whom men have called the Great Unterrified. But not in ignorant forgetfulness of what those wert, stand I before thee thus. Filled with the lines of half foregotten lore, my memory brings me back to earth again, and in thy temples, goddess, I behold the fervent votary with rich offerings laden, bend low the knee before thine awful shrine. Powerful to him thou seem'st in war, in peace and in pursuit of fortune; he earnestly thy favor supplicates and as thine oracles upon him frown, his heart with fear is frozen and images of shipwreck and disastrous strife but fill him with a sense of thy tremendous power. Again I see the learned man approach; for him the sea, the earth, the air possess no terrors; the warring of the elements, though it be the very voice of Jove himself, as those around him tremblingly believe, speaks to his mind a language myriad-tongued of truths, he fain would clearly understand. Unto thy temple hastens he, and with questions curious and acute reasoning, which even those who have come after him are fain to draw upon, he seeks to wrest from thee the light he longs for. Who but Athene Pallas, goddess fair of Wisdom beautiful, can tell him what he wants to know? And if again he turns dissatisfied, no doubt upon his mind intrudes but that t'were possible if t'were but wise. In Greece and Gaul and Italy, Egypt, Rome and Sicily, thy statue, many named, in calm majestic beauty sat as thou art even here. And whether as Parthenos known, or Glaucopis the blue-eyed, or Agorea by the merchants called, or Hippia by those who dealt in horses, or Sais, Andon, Musica, Salpiga, to all thou wert the Ever-wise and born from out the very brain of Jove. 'The old order changeth, giving place to new' and man no longer stands in awe of truths personified. Force has been measured, the sky itself explored, and from the breast of nature, has been drawn the nourishment the wise have always longed for. No more at break of day is Phœbus, drawn from out the Orient, hailed by the sons of man as gracious messenger from powers on high, but with a thing we call a spectroscope, his light is measured and his substance weighed. The faith of infant nations is now the toy of babes and thou, fair goddess, by thine owl art better known than by thy image helmetted, with spear or distaff, or the sad Medusa shield."

If the change which I had before observed was alarming, that which occurred now was far more so. It was my turn to tremble, when she suddenly raised herself to her full height, with a look fierce enough to strike to the heart of Mars himself had he been near, and in a voice, at the sound of which the denizens of Olympus came from all directions, with as much haste as human beings rush to a fight, she cried:

"Now, by the power which fair Arachne felt when once she showed her skill in tapestry, with counterfeit presentments decked of Gods and men, and in the pride of vain ambition strove to cloud our fame with trivial rivalry, we'll hear no more. No more with vain imaginings and foolish human babble, trying to rival Momus, whom the Gods disowned, shalt thou disturb our wise serenity. We'll take from thee that weariness which men call learning, and remembrance of all earthly things shall fade from off the tablets of thy mind; then wilt thou seek the favor of the gods, and be content to draw thy sunshine from their smiles nor care for much analysis."

As she concluded she advanced a step, and touched my head with the point of her spear.

A ring had been formed in the meantime by those who had hurried towards us, when the first words of the enraged goddess had reached them, and they now seemed to look upon me with a curious interest, not unmingled with pity. As for me, I was conscious that the change indicated by Minerva was gradually taking place. My recollection of points of human interest and comparison was becoming weaker, and was being replaced by a horrible sense of my own insignificance, and a correspondingly acute appreciation of the glory and majesty of those around me. That some physical change was at the same time progressing, I had no doubt, although I had no means of determining its nature.

How long this spell would have remained, or how far its working would have progressed, had not a counteracting influence appeared upon the scene, I will never be able to say, for through an opening in the crowd there now appeared a shining troupe, in the centre of which was Memory, called by the Greeks Mnemosyne, the mother of the muses. Surrounded by white-robed maidens, who even here shone with trans-

cendant beauty, and were worthily led by Apollo himself, she advanced slowly toward me. As she drew near the power of Minerva lessened; a tender recollection of the things I had left returned to me; an anxious longing for the voice and smile of friends and kindred, dissipated my interest in Olympus, and my unhappiness was becoming almost as great as it was before memory resumed her reign, when there reached my ears the sound of music of such celestial sweetness as overwhelmed me with delight. This effect seemed equally felt by those around, for with one accord they hastened away, leaving Mnemosyne and Minerva with their immediate attendants in sole possession of my unfortunate self.

I involuntarily looked toward the point from whence the sounds proceeded, and beheld a sight which, in transcendant splendor far outshone everything as yet observed by me. Under a series of arches formed of rainbows resting upon columns of sunbeams, there advanced to the sound of harps and cymbals and innumerable other instruments unknown to me, a throng of nymphs whose every movement was the very poetry of motion. When they had reached the open plain they dispersed in all directions, selecting from among the gods the partners of their choice, and moving to the sound of strangely familiar music which I soon remembered as the waltz movement in Weber's Invitation, they danced in such a way as clearly proved that no one less skilled than the Muse of Dancing had been their teacher.

I was intoxicated with delight; Minerva and her sinister intentions were forgotten, and when from the centre of the throng a form of radiant loveliness and embodied grace glided toward me with inviting gesture, I could no longer restrain myself. I sprang forward and had nearly reached the acme of celestial bliss, a joy that man had never known, that of waltzing with Terpsichore herself, when Minerva, who during all this time had appeared speechless with rage, lost all her sense of dignity and self-control, and rushing forward to a pile of thunderbolts placed near the throne, she caught one up and hurled it toward me with all her force.

It fortunately fell a little in advance of its mark aud striking what would be the ground had we been on earth, a terrible yawning chasm opened before me. With such impetuosity had I rushed forward that it was now impossible to arrest my steps, and with the sounds of sweetest music still in my ears, and a vision of dazzling loveliness luring me on, I dashed over the edge of the gulf and fell down, down into its horrid blackness.

Down, down until I suddenly felt a rough hand seize me by the shoulder, and a rough voice shout in my ear:

"Who would have thought that one small glass of beer would have had such an effect!"

Thus was I recalled from celestial visions to the stern realities of life. I found that I had fallen off my bench and my friends were tugging at me on the floor of the amphitheatre.

We did not wait for the Huldigungs Marsch, but went down the steps and out into the pure air and moonlight. The Doctor and the Professor kept up an incessant roar of laughter, although I must confess I saw nothing to laugh at but their own folly. I told them of my vision as I here tell it to you, but yet they did not cease to accuse me, how unjustly I need scarcely say, of having fallen asleep during my experiment; and even unto this day they think it most excellent wit to ask me:

"Was it the graciousness of the gods or Lange's Lager.

Theodore Thomas and his Orchestra.

As the recent presence in this city, of Theodore Thomas' incomparable Orchestra, has awakened fresh interest in the minds of the people respecting this famous conductor, we have gleaned a few facts in regard to his life, hoping they will prove interesting to the readers of the AMATEUR.

Theodore Thomas, was born in Hanover, in 1835. His father, a musician of no mean repute, was so faithful in his instructions to his apt and imitative heir, that the youth played in concert to enthusiastic audiences, at the age of six. Four years after this, his parents removed to America. He then made one of the stars in the concert combinations which contained successively such brilliant names as Grisi, Jenny Lind, Sontag, Mario, and others. After these tours, he disappeared as a traveling violin star, and began the incipient organizations which have resulted in the present orchestra. First we have him in the delightful quartette soirees, with William Mason, and others; then as conductor of Italian and German opera; and finally as the leader of the symphony orchestra, which has come to be alike the delight of his heart, and the pride of American people.

Mr. Thomas although a statue in the concert room, is said to be anything but an inanimate conductor at rehearsal. He has too much concern for the feelings of his musicians, to discipline them in the presence of strangers. He does not strive to humiliate, he simply exacts results, and achieves them at whatever cost. His men are so familiar with his requirements learned at rehearsal, that he can lead them with his eye, and it is sometimes thought, by actual mesmeric influence. They *feel* what he wants, and do it by instinct. A slipshod, or unthoughtful musician, draws but *one* careless bow, there is then an end of his inattention, and of his employment. Each man is aware that want of attention or precision looses him his place, and that, once forfeited, it can never again be regained. But every one has a pride in the excellence with which he performs his part, and knows full well, that the faintest suggestion of mistake, is detected by the leader's quick eye, and unfailing ear. Mr. Thomas would forgive a man for firing his house, but not for flatting a note.

He is the constant instructor of all his men, he takes them at times singly, at times in sections, he will drill first the violins, then the violas, again the violoncellos, and then the basses. If they stumble at a passage, he will play it for them; he never puts a piece before his orchestra that he is not thoroughly familiar with, and master of himself; and once learned, it is never forgotten. He will take his orchestra through a whole symphony of Beethoven, and never refer to the score.

Mr. Thomas is said to care nothing for money, and to think nothing about it; he is known to have gone for a month, without asking the amount of his receipts, or the extent of his profits. If remonstrated with, because his programmes are beyond the popular taste, he simply replies, "The people must come up to me, I will not step down to them." JOAN.

Weber's Funeral in England.

Early in the morning of the 21st of June the long funeral procession left the house of Sir George Smart, in Great Portland Street, in all the almost mediæval pomp of such ceremonies at that period. Crowds thronged the streets through which the hearse and a long line of mourning carriages wound their slow and weary way to the far distant chapel of Moorfields. Long before they reached the place of worship, the building, hung with black, and blazing with wax-lights, was filled by a crowd of some two thousand persons. As the body was received at the entrance by the priest, the imposing tones of Mozart's splendid Requiem burst out; and over the sleeping form of the great composer, were poured forth the strains of the illustrious master he had most reverenced and loved. The deepest emotion was on every face The singers trembled as they sang. As the heavenly tones of the "Salve me sors pietatis" rolled along the chapel, there could have been few who did not feel that he who slumbered there on the catafalque, need not have feared the judgment of his Maker any more than the judgment of mankind. The last notes of the Requiem had melted away: to the solemn strains of the "Dead March in Saul," the coffin had been lowered into the vault; the lights were extinguished one by one: then silence and peace were around the dead; and there, far from home and love, and all that his warm, noble heart most prized in life, rested the body of Carl Maria von Weber.

THEATRICAL NOTE.—*Nett* profits are generally the result of a good "*cast*."—*Punch*.

Ladies' Heads.

Going along the other day,
I saw—how ever could she don it?
A woman only five feet four,
And one foot six of that was—bonnet.

Her head had been a tidy head,
But for the big chignon upon it;
Yet all was soiled, disfigured, spoiled,
And swamped by said chignon and—bonnet.

On Sunday last she went to church,
And took her book as if to con it;
But all the time that she was there,
She thought of little save her—bonnet.

The Parson took a winning text,
And tried to fix attention on it;
But all in vain, for naught she cared,
Except "the end of all"—her bonnet!

Yet stay! there is just one thing more,
I must include in this sad sonnet:
She sometimes thought of women there,
Who envied her her mortal bonnet.

The luckless sermon, psalm and prayer,
All went for nothing—out upon it!
For every other woman there,
Was lost in hatred of—"*that* bonnet."

That morn her husband was *non est*,
His shirt neck had no button on it;
For him she had no time to spare,
Intent alone upon her—bonnet.

Now, mark me well whom it concerns,
And think ye humanely upon it;
How could ye make her such a guy,
By recommending such a bonnet?

Death of Kaulbach.

From Munich, the news comes of the death, from cholera, on Tuesday evening, of Wilhelm von Kaulbach, the celebrated German painter. Kaulbach studied Hogarth very carefully, and produced in the style of that master, a series of illustrations to Schiller's "Criminal from Lost Honor," and to Goethe's "Faust." In 1846, he published a series of designs illustrating Goethe's poem of "Reynard the Fox," in which he displayed great skill as an animal painter. He has illustrated a folio edition of the Gospels, and the works of Shakespeare. Many of his painting have been engraved.

An English boy, on being asked the other day who was prime minister of England, answered, without hesitation, "Mr. Spurgeon"

Mazas' Complete Violin Method, with Pleyel's celebrated Duetts. Price, $2.00.—We cannot say too much in favor of Lee & Walker's edition of this excellent work. The type is clear and distinct. Of all the violin instruction books in the market there is none we can recommend with a clearer conscience than Mazas' Method. To Violin teachers and scholars we will say, "A word to the wise is sufficient."—*Loomis' Musical Journal.*

JOHN HENRY BONAWITZ'S

Grand Opera Seria,

"THE BRIDE OF MESSINA,"

ALBERT G. EMERICK.

The Academy of Music was filled to its utmost capacity on the evening of April 22d, 1874, to hear the first performance of Mr. Bonawitz's new opera. The audience, as brilliant and fashionable as ever graced this fine auditorium, comprehended the leading musical connoisseurs and amateurs of Philadelphia, as well as a large delegation from New York and neighboring cities. The opera was received with great enthusiasm, several numbers being redemanded; the principal artists were called out at the close of each act, and the composer at the end of the opera, when the audience rose to their feet, vociferously cheering him and loading him down with bouquets, wreaths and baskets of flowers.

The distribution of characters was as follows:

Donna Isabella, Princess of Messina,	*M'lle Filomena Lamara.*
Beatrice, her daughter,	*M'lle Pauline Canissa.*
Don Cæsar, } her sons,	*Herr E. Kronenberg.*
Don Manuel, }	*Herr Franz Remmertz.*
Cajetan, leader of the first chorus,	*Herr A. Kientzle.*
Diego, confidential servant of Donna Isabella,	*Herr Joseph Jakob.*
Messenger.	
Chorus, consisting of the Retinues of the Brothers.	
Chorus of Nuns.	
The Senators of Messina.	

The orchestra was composed of the best resident talent, and was complete in all its parts, having about fifty members; it must be said to their credit, that we have rarely listened to a more careful and efficient instrumental performance than was given on this occasion.

The chorus, being divided into two bodies, or semi-choruses, each brother having his retinue, was composed of gentlemen selected from several of our best German männerchors, and the *Kyrie* of the Nuns in the convent was sung by a chorus of lady amateurs. Suffice it to say the choruses throughout the opera, although far from easy, were sung very correctly and in a most efficient manner. Indeed, so important is this element in this noble work, that the opera would suffer immeasurably by any short-comings on the part of the chorus-singers. The functions of the orchestra and chorus were of such a character as to demand excellence, and so well trained had both bodies been in the frequent rehearsals, that every expectation was fulfilled and there was not the slightest disappointment or complaint felt with either.

M'lle Lamara, court opera singer to the Grand Duke of Hesse, made her first appearance in America upon this occasion, and fully sustained her European reputation in the difficult *role* of *Donna Isabella.* The dramatic force evinced by M'lle Lamara contributed largely to the success of her representation, while in the demands for vocal culture she was fully equal to the occasion. M'lle Canissa was well-known to opera-goers, and it was taken for granted that *Beatrice* would find a worthy representative in her, nor was her audience disappointed, for she met all the requirements of stage business and voice. Mr. Kronenberg made his first appearance on any stage, and suffered at the time unfortunately from a severe catarrh, which increased the nervousness naturally incident to such an occasion. He has a fine stage presence and voice of unusual power; with well-directed studies he has it in his power to command a brilliant future, but let him bear in mind the Latin proverb, "*non palma sine pulvere.*" Mr. Remmertz made his first appearance in this city and lacks familiarity with the stage, but made a deep impression by the excellent *timbre* of his voice and his earnest, impassionate expression. We have rarely known a singer so soon to command the sympathies of his hearers, who seemed at once drawn towards him by his fine personal appearance, even before hearing his rich and sonorous voice. Messrs. Kientzle and Jakob did ample justice to their parts, which, although minor, were important in making up the ensemble.

Composers are exacting and difficult to please as to the libretto of an opera. Mendelssohn went to his grave without meeting one that perfectly suited him; Beethoven found only one, and that is deficient in dramatic fitness; Mozart was fortunate in his Italian, not so in his German operas; Weber was nearly sacrificed by his *Euryanthe;* while Schubert is lost to the stage by the serious defects of his librettos. So with others among the German composers, and we are led to believe that the dramatic element belongs almost exclusively to the Latin races. In the whole range of German dramatic literature, we doubt if a more favorable selection could have been made for a libretto, than Schiller's tragedy of *The Bride of Messina,* for already is it, in its original form, provided with a chorus; which, by the way, has drawn from the great poet, a most interesting and instructive essay, which is prefatory to his poem, and may be read with pleasure; while it will be borne in mind, that whatever merit attaches to the modern German stage, is mainly due to Lessing, the two Schlegels, and Schiller.

In reducing Schiller's tragedy to meet the requirements of an operatic libretto, Professor Hermann Müller has adhered almost too closely to the original, and some slight modifications may yet be required so as to allow a wider field and margin to the composer; whose art, notwithstanding plausible and somewhat fallacious theories of these latter days, demands to be respected in her own dominion. But on the whole, Mr. Bonawitz may be congratulated on having set his music to an excellent libretto, albeit the story is a painful, almost revolting one. It is a tragedy of the deepest dye; as may be

learned from the following condensed sketch of the plot:

Donna Isabella, Princess of Messina, has succeeded in reconciling a long continued and bitter feud existing between her two sons, Don Cæsar and Don Manuel, and proposes to signalize the joyful occasion of their meeting, in renewed amity, by introducing to them a sister, of whose existence they were unaware. The two Princes, in return, each promise to their delighted mother, a new daughter, to whom their dearest affections are already given.

In Beatrice, who, for domestic reasons, had passed a life of seclusion in a convent, each brother recognizes the object of his regard; and in the hasty recrimination, which follows this mutual discovery, Cæsar slays Manuel; but is immediately overwhelmed with remorse, when he is told that Beatrice is their sister. Resisting all entreaties, he immolates himself, dying in the arms of his frantic relatives.

As we have already said, the opera is founded on Schiller's tragedy, "Braut von Messina," a work which Carlyle thus characterizes: "For beautiful and touching delineations of life; for pensive and pathetic reflections, sentiments and images, conveyed in language, simple but nervous and emphatic; this tragedy stands high in the rank of modern compositions. The implacable destiny which consigns the brothers to mutual enmity and mutual destruction, for the guilt of a past generation, involving a mother and a sister in their ruin, spreads a sombre hue over all the poem; we are not unmoved by the characters of the hostile brothers, and we pity the hapless and amiable Beatrice, the victim of their feud."

There is no overture to the opera, which is only preceded by a short introduction, *adagio* in *si flat*, minor, wherein are foreshadowed the incidents of the direful tragedy.

We have already intimated that some modifications of the libretto may be found necessary, and even at the opening scene, we feel this in the absence of a retinue of court-ladies to the Princess Isabella, whose station demands it, as does dramatic propriety; and besides, it would be in keeping with operatic precedents, which, we would beg to suggest, have been adopted, after much experience and many attempts in various ways. This is not a matter wherein the caprice of librettist or composer, may be indulged with impunity or without risk. In the instance in question, the meagreness and gloom of the first scene might be much relieved by a cheerful song of congratulation, from the ladies of the court to the princess, on the reconciliation which has just been effected between the brothers, and the prospective happiness and joy which are promised to the house of Messina by this auspicious event.

After some recitatives of no special importance, there occurs an Aria, "When in the Deep,"—we quote from Mr. H. M. Wetherill's excellent translation—sung by the Donna Isabella, which, with all our admiration for the composer, we must consider to display him in his weakest element; namely, writing for the solo voice. This defect, with his rich inventive power, is quite within reach of correction, and the perusal and study of the scores of the best Italian composers must suggest to his mind many models worthy of imitation.

Before the close of this scene, however, we begin to feel the master's power asserting itself, for his orchestration already is telling us the story of the approach of the brothers' retinues, who sing the vigorous and finely-scored chorus, "Thee we greet." This scene is admirably treated by chorus and orchestra; and the hearer will recognize in the accompaniment to Don Manuel's *recitative*, "I see the rising color," a beautiful *motivo*, which recurs frequently during the course of the opera. Don Manuel tells the history of his love in a *Romanza*, which is set in the key of *do* minor. Why the minor mode is adopted for such a pleasant occasion, we cannot understand, save on the principle in favor with the old painters, who, in representing the Infant Jesus, generally introduced some symbol pointing to his future suffering and death upon the cross; or was the example of Father Haydn, who always felt sad when writing a love song, before our composer's eyes?

We now come to one of the gems of the opera, the chorus, "Beautiful is Peace!" Its merit has been already recognized by the public, who have honored it with an encore at every representation given of the opera. This closes the First Act, and here again we are forced to take issue with the libretto, which obliged the curtain to fall on slow, soft music. Originality is beautiful and much to be praised, but it must not expect always to be successful. It is commonplace to bring the curtain down on loud music; we know it full well; it is also commonplace to go in and out by the door, and it might be original to go out by the window, but is it, in order to escape commonplace, desirable to do so? Not to treat this matter too lightly, we know from the history of music that the old Italian composers of opera tried every variety of experiment to escape this very commonplace, but they have been forced back in every instance. The fact is, there is much in music that is commonplace, and there is no escape from it, save by becoming bizarre and absurd. The question of sonority might here claim our attention as to the importance and value of loud sound, and we might listen for a moment to the shouting and hullaballoo of a certain religious sect, which, an enthusiastic and eloquent divine calls, "Singing souls into heaven," but a drum-corps or a park of artillery would produce the same effect on the human nervous system, and this fact is so well-known to the majority of modern composers, that we find the scores of Wagner, Verdi and Liszt quite in accord with reason and experience.

The Second Act opens with a solemn and expressive *Kyrie*, sung, with organ accompaniment, by a chorus of nuns in the convent, that is, behind the scenes; its peaceful character is happily contrasted with the perturbed and anxious feelings of Beatrice, who is concealed in the garden at the appointed rendezvous, awaiting the arrival of her lover. Her *Romanza*, "When I dared," and *Aria*, "Holy Virgin," have been much admired, and will doubtless find their way to many a music-stand. In this act is some of the finest music of the opera: Don Cæsar's *Aria*, "I have you again;" the *Chorus*, "Hail to thee, virgin;" Don Manuel's *Aria*, "Give me now your hand," the fine dramatic *recitatives* of the principals; the spirited grand march; the Bridal Chorus; the curtain here falls upon an admirably constructed and well-developed *finale*.

The dead-march and chorus of lamentation in the Third Act, will arrest attention from their sombre character and excellent scoring, and there is a highly dramatic *duo* between Beatrice and Don Cæsar; but the orchestral painting in the "Transformation Scene" is perhaps more marked by flashes of genius, and perfect command of the resources of the instrumental score than in any preceding scene in the opera. Nevertheless the work is closed, by fault of the libretto, in a way that is far from satisfactory or effective; perhaps a chorus of a religious character might be introduced here, or some change adopted which would relieve the close from the defects which we have attempted to point out, both here and in the other instances with the kindest feeling to the talented *maestro* and solely with reference to the future and permanent success of this his first, but none the less meritorious and able work. But little care was bestowed upon dresses, appointments, decorations, *mise-en-scene*, etc., and the opera rested entirely on its musical merit, and it is only a higher compliment, to the score to record that, under many discouraging circumstances, the terrible ordeal of a first performance was passed, and that the result was a pronounced success. We offer our congratulations to the composer not only on the merits of his score, but also on the score of his merits.

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Ostava Torriani.

Mlle. Ostava Torriani, the favorite young prima donna, lately with the Strakosch Italian Opera Company, was born in Hamburg, Germany, in 1850, of aristocratic parents.

Her real name is Tornqiust. Her father was Swedish, and held for some years a position as Consul, from Hamburg to this country. He died in Rio Janeiro in 1859. When but six years old, Mlle. Torriani began the study of music, and at the age of ten she gave her first concert in Dresden, where the family had removed after the death of her father. She then continued her musical studies in Paris, under the famous master, Delle Sedie, and soon evinced such rare talent, that acting upon the advice of Rossini, she went to Italy to prepare herself for the stage.

Her first appearance was made in Milan, when but seventeen years of age, Rigoletto being chosen for her debut. In this opera she achieved a brilliant success. Since then she has sung in all the principal cities of Europe, meeting everywhere with the commendation she so justly merits.

In September last she came to America, only to add new leaves to her laurels.

Her *repertoire* consists of the following operas, namely: Trovatore, Traviata, Martha, Lucia di Lammermoor, Ernani, Mignon, Sonnambula, Huguenots, Don Juan, Rigoletto, and Aida. She has given over thirty impersonations of Aida alone.

Mlle. Torriani leaves soon for Europe, but expresses herself greatly pleased with her kind reception in this country, and it is probable that at some future day, she will return to deepen the favorable impression her singing and acting have made upon the American people. JOAN.

VALUABLE MUSIC COPYRIGHTS.—A recent number of *The Orchestra* (London), states that Balfe's "The Light of other Days," has yielded to its publishers the enormous sum of eight thousand pounds sterling, profits. This indicates an immense sale, but the demand for it has almost ceased, and like many other beautiful songs it is gradually fading from remembrance. One of the most valuable of song copyrights is that of "Listen to the Mocking Bird," owned by Messrs. Lee & Walker, Philadelphia. This piece was published in 1856, and almost immediately achieved a popularity hitherto unparalleled. The song itself has worn out three setts of electrotype plates in printing it; while over fifty different arrangements for the piano and other instruments have been published, some of which are very popular; Hoffman's paraphrase for piano solo, having sold to the extent of over one hundred thousand copies. Although nearly twenty years have elapsed since the first publication of "The Mocking Bird," there is an ever increasing demand for it. Over a million copies have been sold, and it is still the most valuable of American musical copyrights.

Dumas and his Plays.

Olive Logan, while protesting against interviewing anybody, has yet furnished, in a recent letter, some very interesting gossip about Dumas, *fils*. After stating that "he writes at a large Marie Antoinette desk, and with a steel pen that has an ivory holder as big around as your finger, and twice as long, with his feet in a heap of tiger skins, and wearing light trousers, and a brown *neglige* jacket, buttoned with one button at the neck," she goes on to say: "During my last conversation with Dumas, he was full of the wrongs he had sustained at the hands of American managers, and I stood up for such of our managers as I know have dealt honorably by him. I said that, whether the money ever reached his (Dumas') pocket or not, Augustin Daly had paid very considerable sums for Dumas' pieces, some of which he had made money by, some of which he had lost money by, and some of which have served no other purpose than to embellish Daly's bureau drawer, as that manager has not seen fit to put them on the stage. Dumas' pet grievance is that 'La Dame aux Camelias' has been performed upwards of 3,000 times on the American stage, and he has never got one penny from it. Poor Matilda Heron! I could not help thinking of her. No doubt the idea of paying Dumas anything for the use of his piece, which was bringing her in thousands and thousands of dollars, never once entered her head. Far be it from me to say one word against the impulsive, generous, and warm-hearted Matilda, whose greatest fault has always been that she was too unselfish; but the matter is really a curious study, as showing the necessity of laws to regulate us in the way of toeing the mark. If 'Camille' had been John Brougham's piece, Miss Heron would have paid him a nightly royalty with pleasure; but the idea of paying a vague abstraction—a literary Will o' the Wisp, who called himself Alexandre Dumas, and lived away off here in France—was a shadowy notion which had no more tangibility of right and wrong about it, than the airy visions of a dream. This question of copyrights is a dreadfully mixed affair. Mr. Dumas told me that Boucicault had paid him for the right to play 'Diana de Lys' in America. Now we all know that before Mr. Boucicault found time to handle that, some other parties—the Lingards, I think—brought out 'Diana de Lys' at a minor theatre. So Boucicault works up 'Le Fils Naturel' instead into the 'Man of Honor;' and for 'Le Fils Naturel," if I understood Mr. Dumas correctly, he has not paid. Mr. Dumas was particularly savage on the subject of agents—said they gobbled a third of the money paid to them by the managers for the authors. At this rate, one might better be an agent than an author; it would fatigue the brain less. Nevertheless, I prefer the literary sphere. Everybody hates agents, Dumas not excepted. This led me to inquire if 'Monsieur Alphonse' had been purchased for America yet. He replied no; but he had been pestered by a dozen agents who wanted copies of the play to speculate with; he had refused to let them have it; his price for New York was several thousand francs. A manager in Rome had just paid him ten thousand francs for the right of that city alone. Still more was paid for the right for England, but it will not be produced there till April. So you will probably see it in New York before it will be seen in England—for I got the play from Mr. Dumas for Augustin Daly, and shall send it over by the ship that takes this letter to you. Say what you will, Daly is a plucky manager. He sent the money for 'Monsieur Alphonse' across the ocean by cable, and I had thoughts at one time of sending the whole play over by the same channel. It would only have cost about $7,000, at the regular rate—seventy-five cents a word.

"I presume Mr. Daly will rehandle the piece before playing it. As done here the whole action of the play takes place in one drawing-room, and as the events transpire in a single afternoon, there are no changes of costume. Mr. Dumas told me, with a mischievous smile, that he had done this on purpose, *(je l'ai fait expres)*; he wanted to show that a real piece had no need of such accessories, and that while scenery and toilets were well enough in their way, they were apt to lead an author to rely too much on them, and to become a mere scene carpenter and man-milliner—a hit, I thought at Sardou's 'Merveilleuses;' an absurd procession of extravagant and ugly costumes, with no plot, nor good writing, nor interest of any kind in it. If I'm not much mistaken, Daly will find 'Monsieur Alphonse' as much of a magnet as 'Divorce' was. The way the handkerchiefs flourish in all parts of the Gymnase Theatre every night is a caution. Men, women and children snivel in concert, and when Mlle. Alphonsine comes out with one of her slang-whanging funny remarks, the laughter is enough to shake the house. As they say in Theo's opera bouffe, 'C'est immense?'"

A ST. LOUIS newspaper says graphically of Salvini's Othello: "It was the awakening fury of the Hyrcanian tiger, disturbed at his feast of blood, or the distended tempest of a tropic land, laying all waste, before it. The audience was horror-struck." [It is suggested, that under the circumstances, the money should have been refunded at the door.]

THE St. Louis *Christian Advocate* has no ear for music, and complains that a church choir is sacrilegious when the line "We are going home to die no more," is rendered, "We're going home to Dinah More, to Dinah More, to Dinah More."

These two lines that look so solemn,
Are put in here to fill the column.

THE AMATEUR.

H. A. CLARKE, - - - - Editor.

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We Have No Back Numbers

of the AMATEUR. Hereafter all subscriptions must necessarily commence *with the current number.* We have endeavored to begin subscriptions with any back numbers desired by our patrons, but our supply has become entirely exhausted, and we have not a single copy of Vols. I, II, or II on hand. Each number is complete in itself, and each succeeding issue is better than its predecessor, so that subscribers actually gain by not dating subscriptions back.

WANTED.—Canvassers in every City, Town and Village in the United States and Canada. A liberal commission allowed. No publication offers equal inducements; everybody wants the AMATEUR. Each number contains three pieces of new and popular music, printed from full-sized music plates. The literary contents are varied and interesting, including Poety, Tales and Sketches, Musical Information, and Items, and Instructive and Entertaining Short Articles. Every subscriber receives one of the handsome chromos, "Happy Hours," or "Flower of the Flock," whichever one they may select) and the subscription is only One Dollar per year. Canvassers can readily make from ten to twenty dollars per day.

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Wit and Wisdom.

THE following epigram was made when Dr. Goodenough, Bishop of Carisle, was one day appointed to preach before the House of Peers:

"'Tis well enough that Goodenough
Before the Lords should preach:
For sure enough they're bad enough
He undertakes to teach."

IF you have talents, industry will improve them; if moderate abilities, industry will supply the deficiencies. Nothing is denied to well directed labor; nothing is ever to be obtained without it.

A COUNTRY editor, waxing eloquent in the description of a new organ, says; "The swell died away in delicious suffocation, like one singing a sweet song under the bed clothes."

BUSY not thyself in searching into other men's lives; the errors of thine own are more than thou canst answer for. It more concerns thee to mend one fault in thyself, than to find out a thousand in others.—*Bishop Leighton.*

REMEMBER that appearances are often deceiving. Many a pale, thin, young lady will eat more corned beef than a carpenter. Because you find her playing the piano in the parlor, it is no sign that her mother is not at the corner grocery running in debt for a peck of potatoes.

THE little boy at the last concert, innocently asked, when the soprano was called back, "What's the matter, mother, didn't she do it right?"

GENEROSITY during life is a very different thing from generosity in the hour of death; one proceeds from liberality and benevolence, the other from pride or fear.

A musician, George Sharp, had his name painted on his door, thus: "G. Sharp." A wag of a painter who knew something of music, early one morning made the following undeniable and significant addition: "Is A flat."

PRESIDENT NOTT, in his wise old age, once took a newly married couple, aside, and said: "I want to give you this advice, my children; Don't try to be happy. Happiness is a sly nymph, and if you chase her you will never catch her. But just go quietly on and do your duty, and she will come to you."

ALEXANDRE DUMAS used to tell the following anecdote: Being at the San Carlos, Naples, he entered into conversation with a stranger sitting in the stall next to him. "I hope," said the latter, at the close of the performance, "that we may have the pleasure of meeting again—I am Alexandre Dumas." "Oh, indeed!" replied the celebrated novelist, with his gay laugh, "so am I." The stranger collapsed.

Concerts in Philadelphia.

BEETHOVEN CONCERT.—It has been a long time since a society of mixed voices, gave a concert as satisfactory as that of the Beethoven Society, on April 18th, at Musical Fund Hall; under the direction of Mr. MICHAEL CROSS. A decided improvement has been made, and the members have good cause to congratulate themselves upon the success of this concert. Among the numbers deserving special notice, were a beautiful six-part madrigal, by H. Leslie, "Thine eyes so bright;" a sprightly gem of Macfarren's, "You stole my love;" and the two choruses from "Elijah," "He watching over Israel," and "The Lord God passed by;" all of which were finely rendered, the latter with piano accompaniment.

As soloists, appeared Mr. F. Cauffman, a rising young vocalist, with an excellent baritone voice; and Mr. Richard Hoffman, pianist, whose exquisite playing gained for him a most decided *encore* to each of his selections, and to which he yielded in that modest and retiring manner for which he is noted. The audience which was large, and composed of the best music-loving people, expressed by their hearty applause, the satisfaction they felt at the successful issue of the society's efforts.

THE PARISH ASSOCIATION of the Church of the Holy Apostles, gave a concert on April 9th, under the direction of Charles H. Roberts, which was musically and financially, a success. The proceeds were donated to the Workingmen's Club connected with the church.

ON Thursday evening, April 16th, the complimentary concert tendered to Mrs. McKee, organist of St. Theresa's Church, took place at Musical Fund Hall. A fair house greeted the professional and amateur talent, whose efforts were warmly applauded. The testimonial was a compliment well-deserved by the amiable and pains-taking beneficiary.

ABT SOCIETY.—The third and last concert of the season, was given by the Abt Society, on Saturday Evening, May 2nd, at Musical Fund Hall; and was, without doubt, their best effort this year. A great number of the pieces were new, and those that had been presented before, were among the best in the extensive *repertoire* of the society. The hall was well filled, and judging from the numerous *encores*, the audience was well pleased.

THE VOCAL UNION gave their closing concert on Thursday Evening, April 30th, before a large and delighted audience. The programme was one likely to please the popular taste, and the various numbers were well rendered. A'B.

Music in New York.

May, 1874.

The recent final performances of the Strakosch Italian Opera Company in this city, were of such rare merit and brilliancy, it is believed here, generally, that they have never been equalled on this continent, or surpassed, perchance, on the other side of the Atlantic. The immense and fashionable audiences that thronged the five benefits which may be said to have crowned the season, bear evidence to the truth of this assertion; for never had the Academy of Music been so crowded previously, no matter what the occasion; and never, in this metropolis, had more enthusiasm been displayed in relation to the divine art which "softens rocks and bends the knotted oak." But, although the benefit of Campanini, who is now in Europe, and those of Muzio, Capoul and Strakosch were, individually, successes of the most unequivocal character, that of Mr. J. C. Fryer, the general agent of the great impresario, tendered by all the members of the company, seemed, notwithstanding its sacred tinge, to eclipse them in splendor. The "Stabat Mater" of Rossini, presented entire with chorus and orchestra, in which Mlles. Torriani, Maresi, Frida de Gebele, and Messrs. Capoul, Karl, Del Puente, Sohst and Nannetti took part, with Nilsson and Lucca in the duo, "Quis Est Homo," and the divine Swede in the "Inflammatus," created a sensation the most profound; while to such an extent did the enthusiasm prevail, even previous to the performance, tickets sold in some instances at nineteen and twenty dollars premium, and every square inch of the house, so to speak, was eagerly bought up. This compliment to Mr. Fryer was well merited, for much of the pleasantness and pecuniary success of the season may, in no ordinary degree, be attributed to his adroitness, gentlemanly demeanor, and uniform civility to the press. Apart from their business relations, Mr. Strakosch and he are very warm friends, and the probability is, that so long as he chooses to retain his present post, he can do so on his own terms. Nilsson, Di Murska, and Lucca sang at Capoul's benefit, which succeeded that of Mr. Fryer, as did all the artists already known to you. The celebrated Swede, however, refused to sing at the managerial benefit, although offered $1000 to do so. This the spirited impresario felt keenly, as an instance of ingratitude that admitted of no very satisfactory explanation. The whole company, with the exception of Nilsson, who is now nearing the shores of the Old World, are off on an extended tour, with Lucca as the central star. They sang at Albany last night, and will appear in Buffalo on Monday, whence they proceed to Erie, Cleveland, Akron, Columbus, Cincinnati, &c., remaining in Cincinnati for a week. At the managerial benefit, which was a glorious affair, and at which the distinguished Hungarian and the celebrated Austrian, Di Murska and Lucca sang, Strakosch announced, on being presented with a very handsome piece of plate, that he intended to eclipse, next season, the splendors of the one through which he had just passed so triumphantly. He has been offered a lease of the Academy for three years, and is, at this moment, in active correspondence with some of the greatest living artists, with a view to making good his word in this relation. In the interim and at the conclusion of his present tour, he will give a series of dramatic performances in the principal cities of the different states, with Miss Neilson, the celebrated English actress, who is now under engagement to him, and who has just been giving some dramatic readings here. Di Murska has commenced a season of German Opera at the Stadt Theatre, under the management of Mr. Rullmann, where she is the sole attraction. Being, however, one of the greatest bravura singers, if not the greatest that has ever lived, she is certain to draw large houses on her own individual merits. The management here has assumed an attitude towards the press which appears not to be relished in certain quarters. A leading daily having sent for tickets, received the intimation that none would be granted; but that if any authorized representative of the journal presented himself at the door, he would be provided with a seat—that is, if a musical critic chose to hang about the entrance until the manager could be drummed up, he had a chance of being stowed away unceremoniously in some unoccupied corner. Di Murska sings in concert at the Grand Opera House on Sunday evening next. Her short season of opera at the Academy, referred to in my last, came to an untimely and very unpleasant close. Although an artist of the very first water, her professional career since her arrival in this country has, without any fault upon her part, been most unfortunate.

The Theodore Thomas Symphony Concerts, up to their very last matinee, were a grand success. The Brooklyn Handel and Haydn Society will sing selections from "The Messiah," together with glees, madrigals, and solos, in the City of Churches on Tuesday evening next. Hallem's Musical Academy, Union Square, has been incorporated with the New York Conservatory of Music, Fourteenth Street and Fifth Avenue.

Theodore Thomas resumes his popular concerts at Central Park Garden on the 13th inst. The Oratorio Society, of New York, perform "Samson" at Steinway Hall, on Tuesday next, where a grand matinee concert is to be given on the following Thursday in compliment to Mr. C. E. Horsley aud Mr. John Darcie, at which Wieniawski and other celebrated artists will appear. Torriani, Wieniawski, and Mr. John Pattison are announced for a grand Sunday evening concert at the Stadt Theatre.

The musical season that may now be said to have closed with us, was one of the most exceptional ever experienced in this city, whether as to the number and excellence of the great artists that characterized it, or the generous spirit of the various managements that carried it through so triumphantly. The production of "Lohengrin" and "Aida," in so far as opera is concerned, formed an epoch in our annals of no ordinary character, and one that it will be difficult to eclipse. The influence of such works upon the public taste, produced as they were with such superb surroundings, must be great indeed, and engender a fastidiousness not to be satisfied easily. However, our faith in Strakosch is strong, and so long as we have Miss Kellogg and Thomas with us, we can never fail in either concert or opera. BATON.

New Music for June.

VOCAL.

We Were Children Then. Song and Chorus. Words by Geo. W. Birdseye. Music by Chas. E. Pratt 40
We'd Better Bide a Wee ..... Claribel. 30
Angels of Jesus. Quartette in G with Tenor and Alto solos ..... Leopold Pertl. 40
Cover Them Over With Beautiful Flowers. Decoration Hymn ..... E. F. Stewart 30
Alone. Song ..... Geo. W. Tryon, Jr. 30
Fond Memories. Song and Chorus. Words by W. Ashley Simpson. Music by John R. Sweney 35
In Dreams Last Night ..... Wm. Hamilton 30
Jennie's Eyes. Song and Chorus. Words by Col. Peter F. Stout. Music by E. C. G. 35
To the Rescue. Temperance Song and Chorus. Words by Mrs. H. N K. Goff. Music by E. Mack 30
Only Yesterday. Song and Chorus. Wm. Hamilton 35
Softly Say "Good Night." Lithographic Title. Miss Josie Murfee 40
Watching the Reapers. Ballad. Horatio D. Hewitt 35
Ever My Thoughts Turn to Thee. Ballad. Words by Arthur W. French Music by C. F. Shattuck. 35
Friend John, or What I Love and Hate. Words by Charles Mackay. Music by Wm. Hamilton. 30
Footsteps Soft and Light ..... A. H. Rosewig. 35
Come Along, Do! Song and Chorus (Comic). Chas. J. Miers 30

The Bride of Messina.

Tragic Opera by J. H. Bonawitz. Vocal, with Piano Accomp.

When Thro' the Darkness. Soprano 30
Long Has My Heart Beat Wildly. Baritone.... 50
Chorus of Peace 35
Holy Virgin, Rich in Mercy. Soprano 35
Again Thou Art Mine, Love. Tenor 35
Oh, Give to Me Thy Hand. Baritone 35
Stay, Sister! Duett. Tenor, Soprano 1 00
Will You Renew in Me the Struggle. Tenor ... 30

GUITAR.

At Thy Feet. Love Song ..... E. O. Eaton 30
As sung by Wm. Hamilton.
Spring, Gentle Spring. Song. E. Riviere. Arranged by Sep. Winner 35

INSTRUMENTAL.

Funeral March. Bride of Messina ..... Bonawitz. 20
Oberon. Transcription ..... E. Dorn. 65
Beauties of Lohengrin ..... Tryon 75
At Home. Waltzes ..... Johann Strauss. 75
Florence Galop ..... C. J. Miers. 30
Canary Redowa ..... Walter E. Malley. 30
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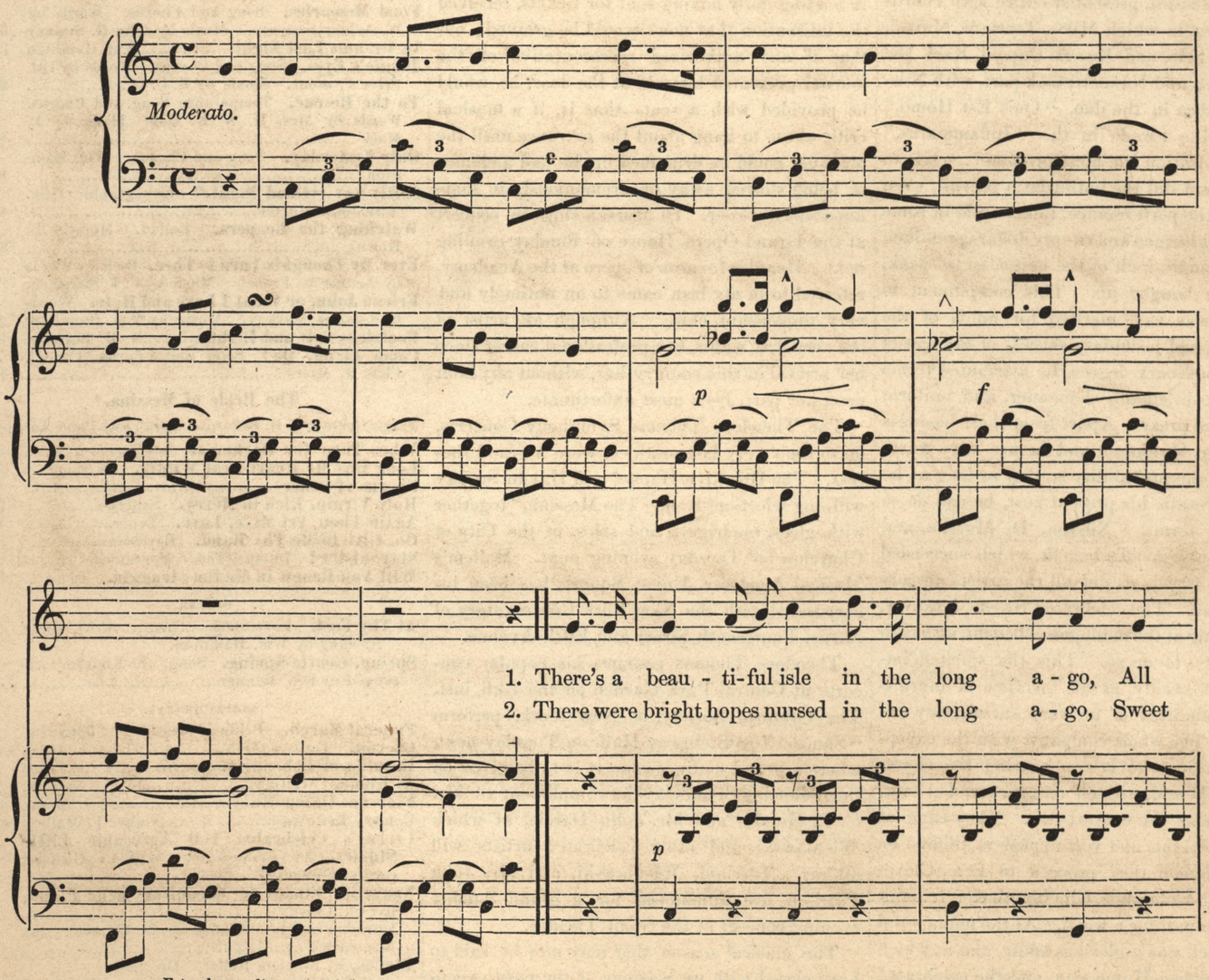
THE LONG AGO.

BALLAD.

Composed by H. D. HEWITT.



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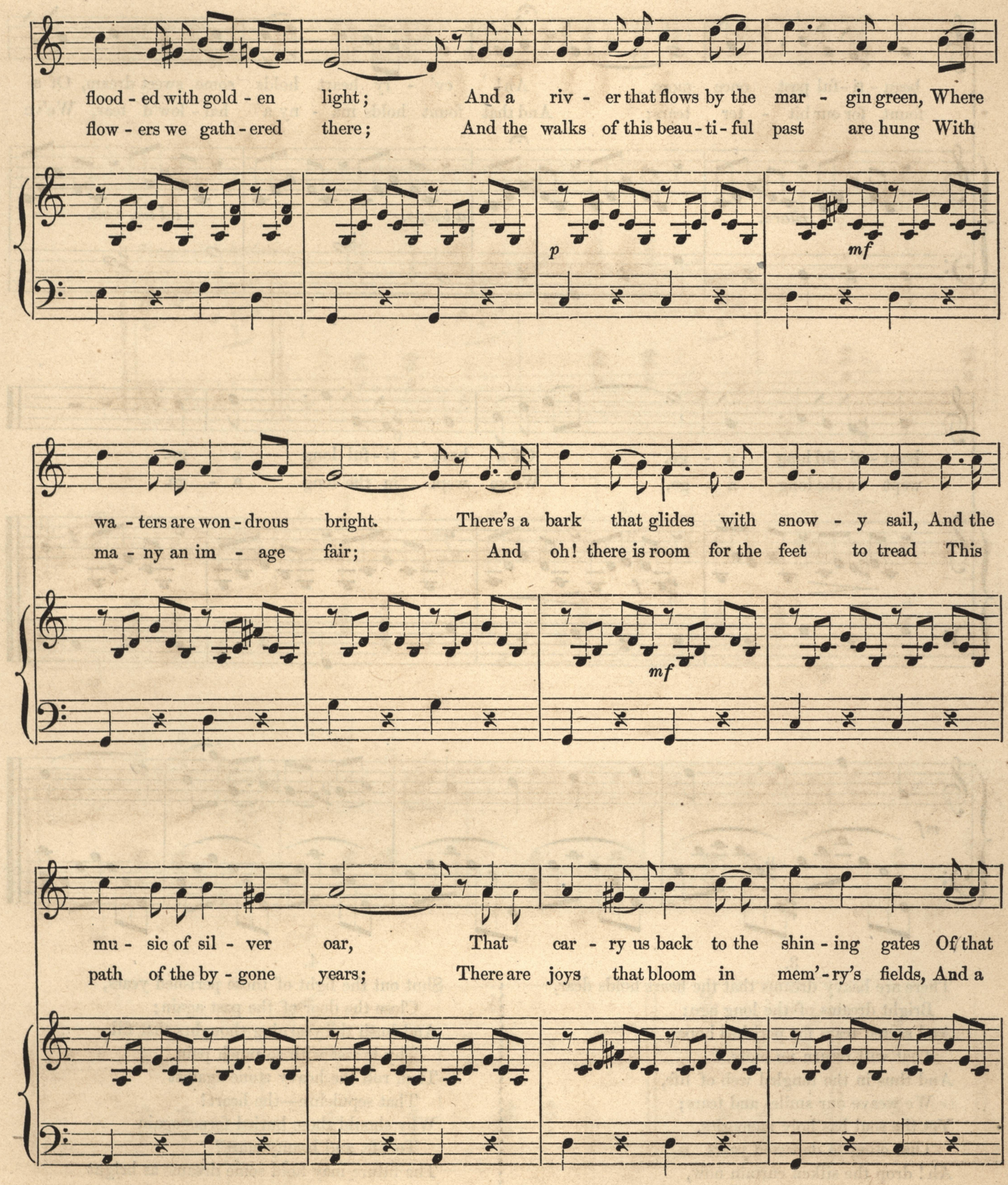
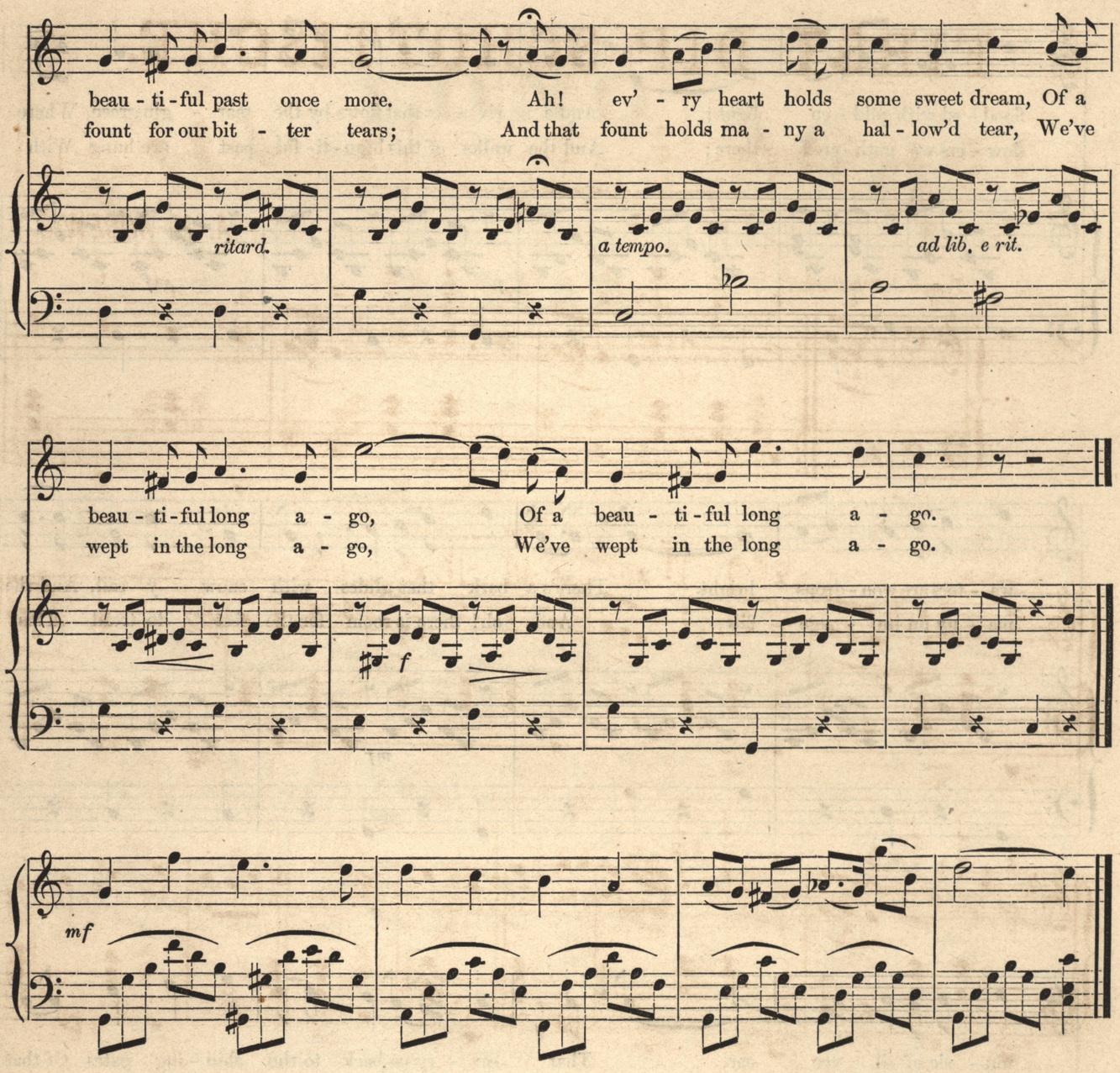

flood - ed with gold - en light; And a riv - er that flows by the mar - gin green, Where
flow - ers we gath - ered there; And the walks of this beau - ti - ful past are hung With
p
mf
wa - ters are won - drous bright. There's a bark that glides with snow - y sail, And the
ma - ny an im - age fair; And oh! there is room for the feet to tread This
mf
mu - sic of sil - ver oar, That car - ry us back to the shin - ing gates Of that
path of the by - gone years; There are joys that bloom in mem' - ry's fields, And a

The Long Ago.



3.

There are heavy dreams that the heart holds dear,
Bright dreams of the long ago;
And sacred tears for perished hopes,
That will return no more.
And thus in the tangled web of life,
We weave our smiles and tears;
Yet the soul has holy memories,
That cling to departed years.
Ah! drop the silken curtain now,
Of the beautiful long ago.

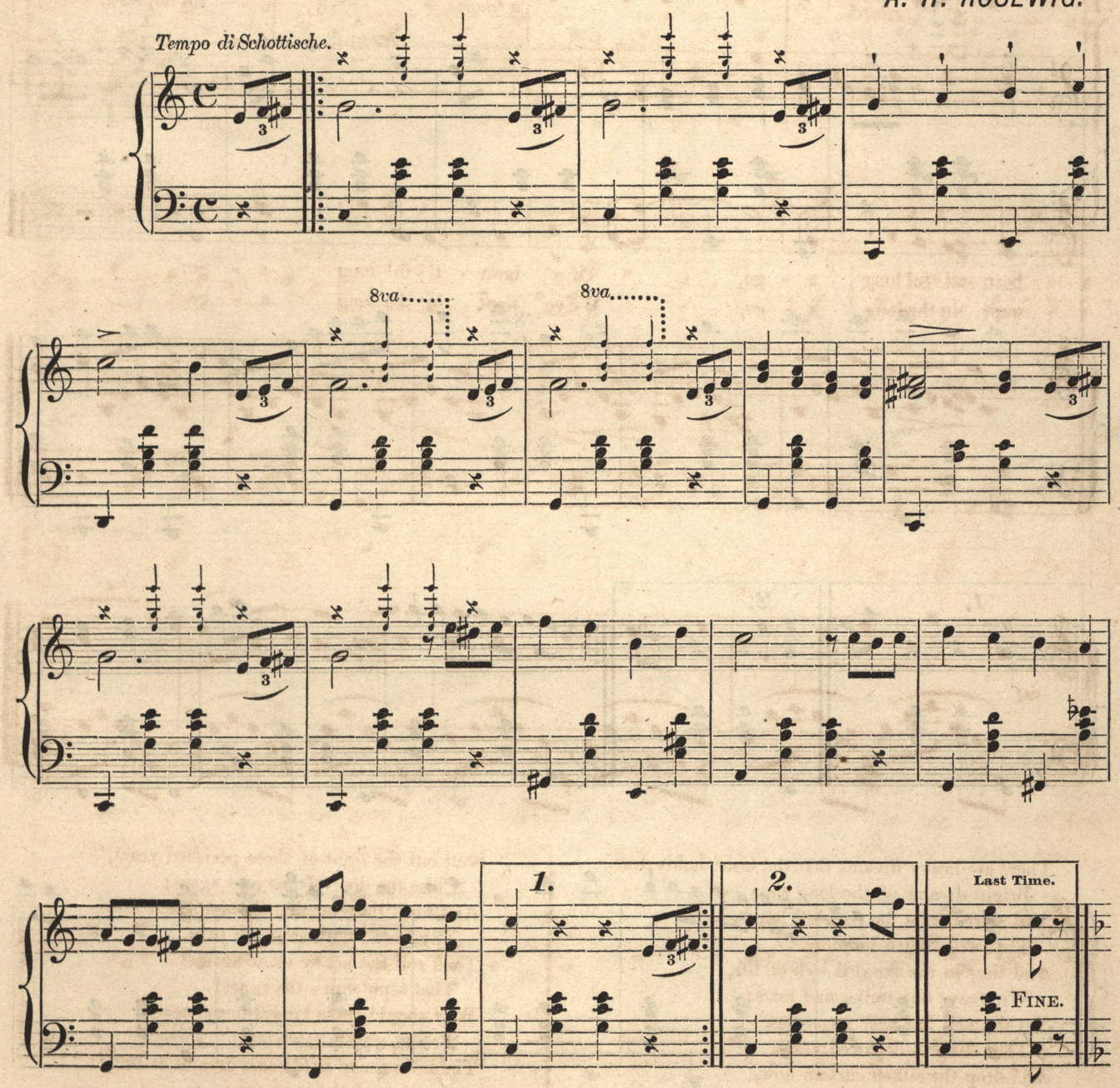
4.

Shut out the light of those perished years,
Close the door of the past again;
And hush the yearning thoughts that fill
Thy breast with so much pain.
Then roll the heavy stone against
That sepulchre—the heart!
Why should these buried forms again
To life, and beauty start?
The future may hold some dreams as bright
As those of the long ago.

J. M. Armstrong, Music Typographer, 138 S. Eighth St., Philada.

FIRST DIP SCHOTTISCHE.

A. H. ROSEWIG.



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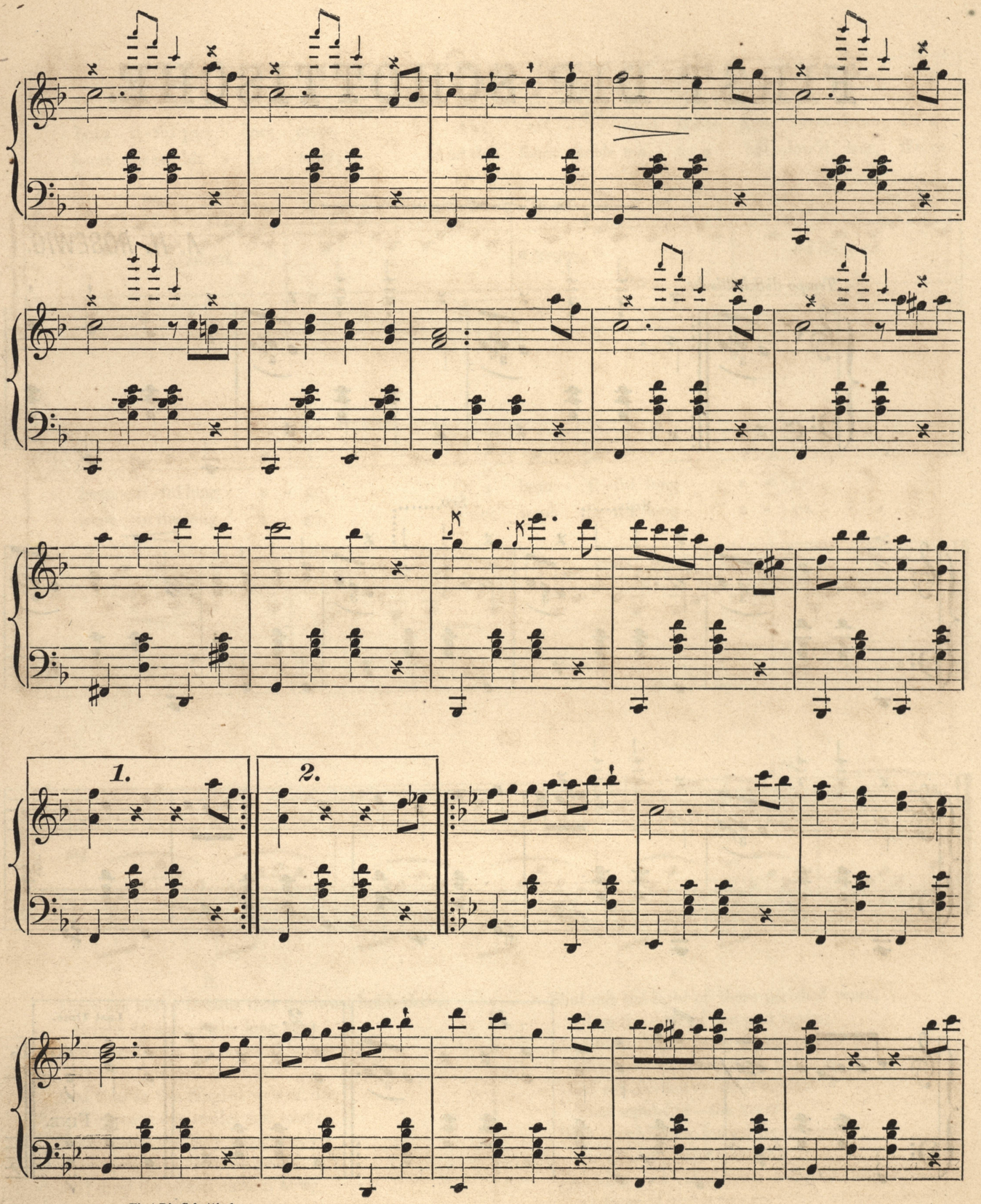

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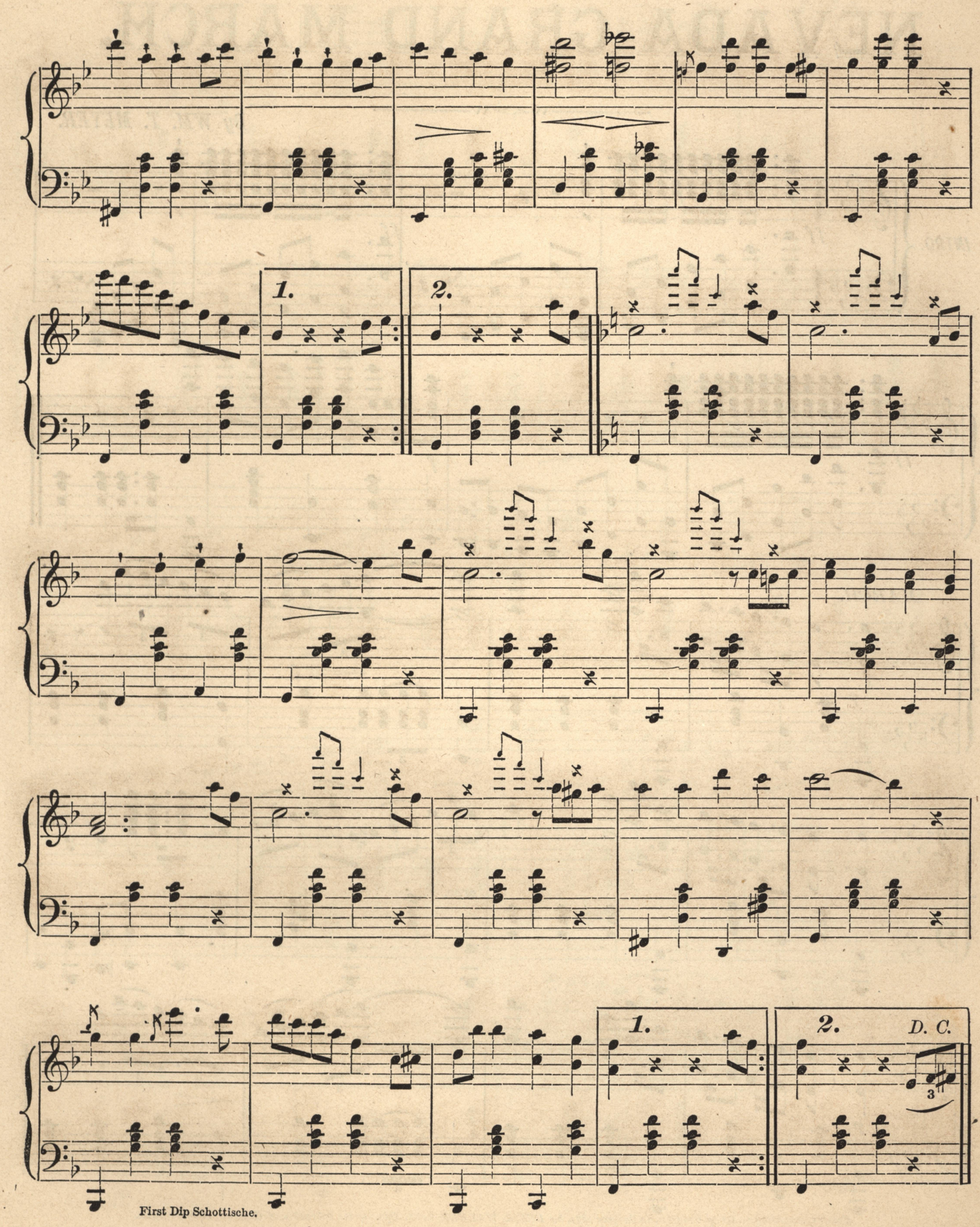

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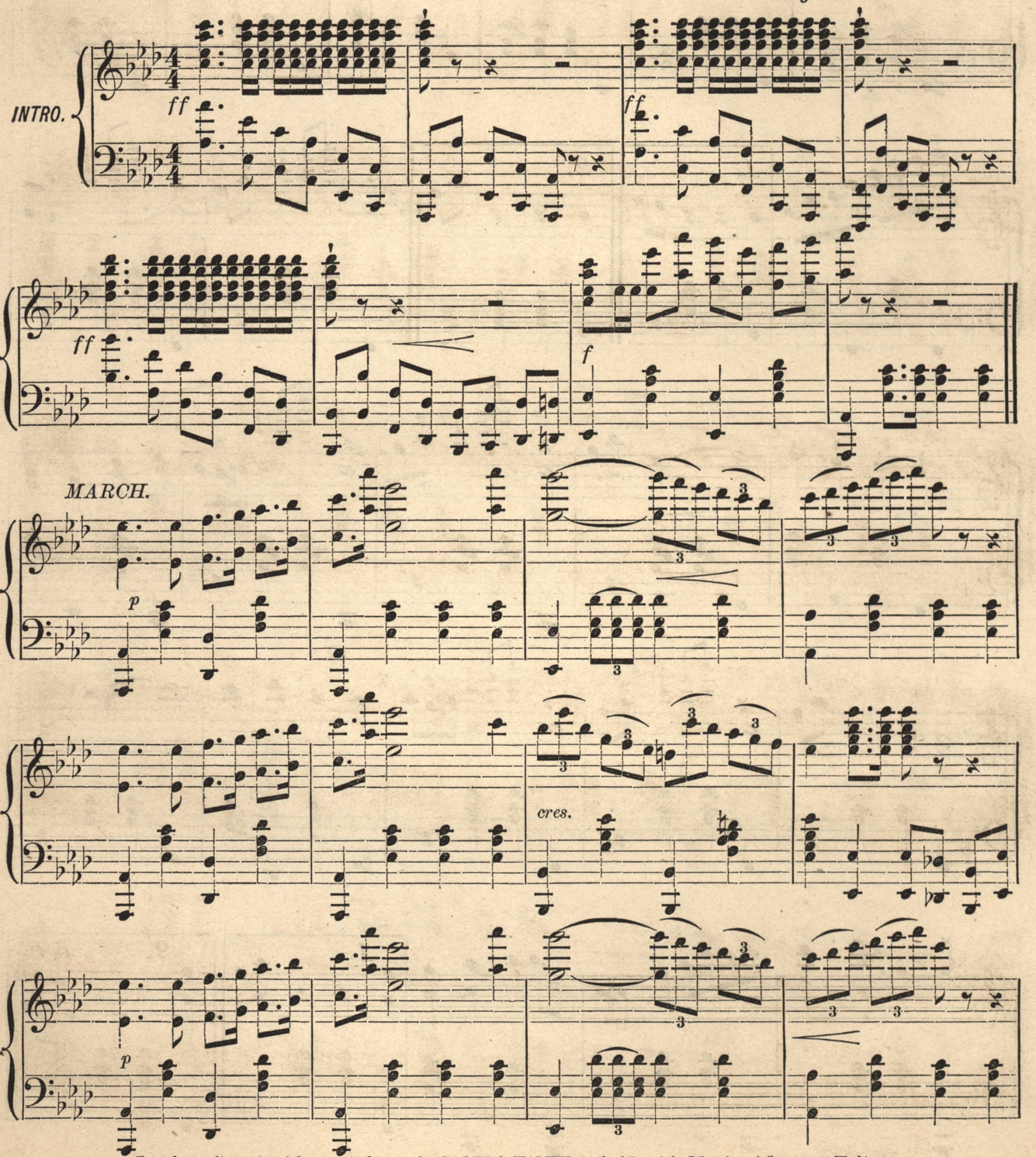
NEVADA GRAND MARCH.

By WM. T. MEYER.



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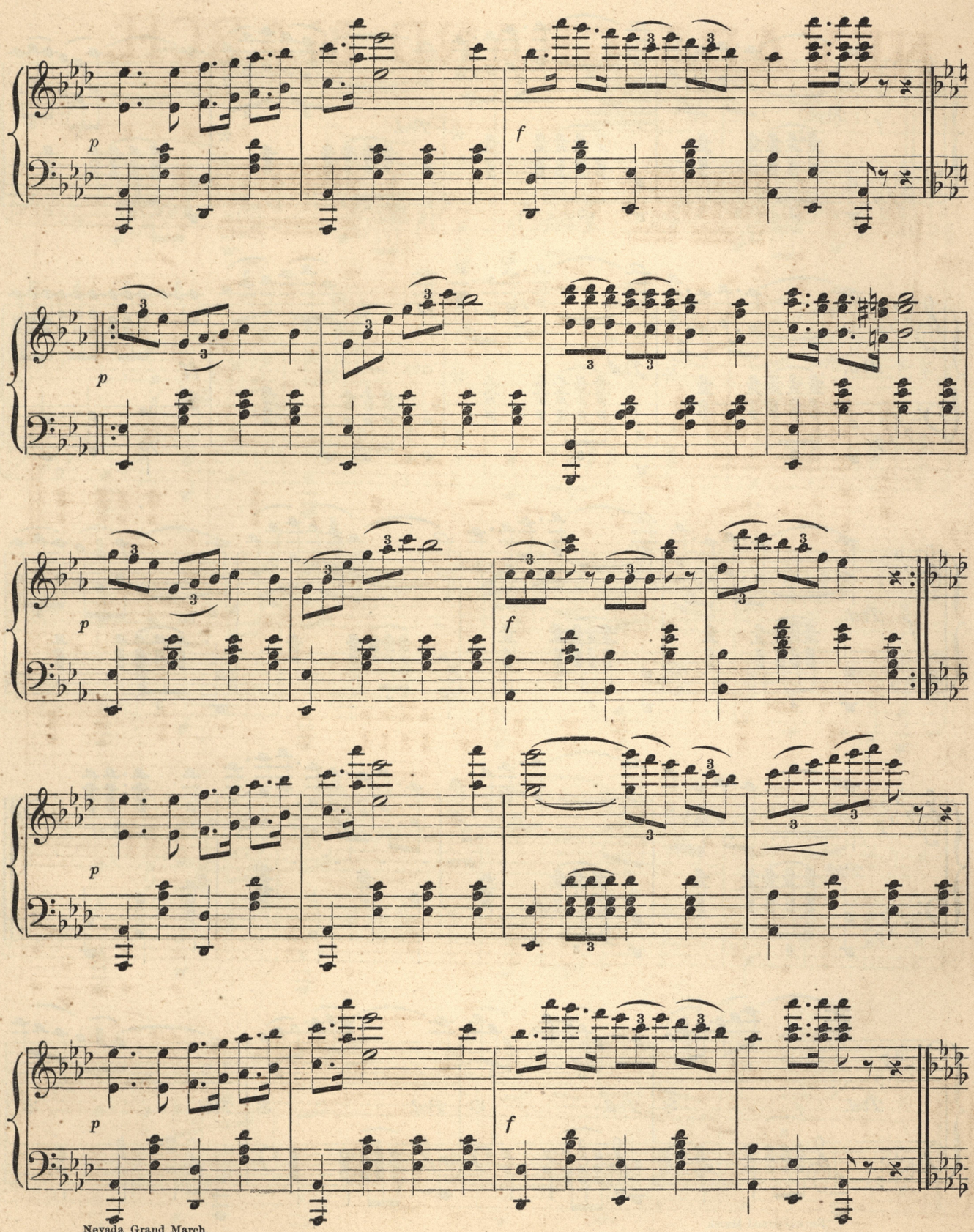

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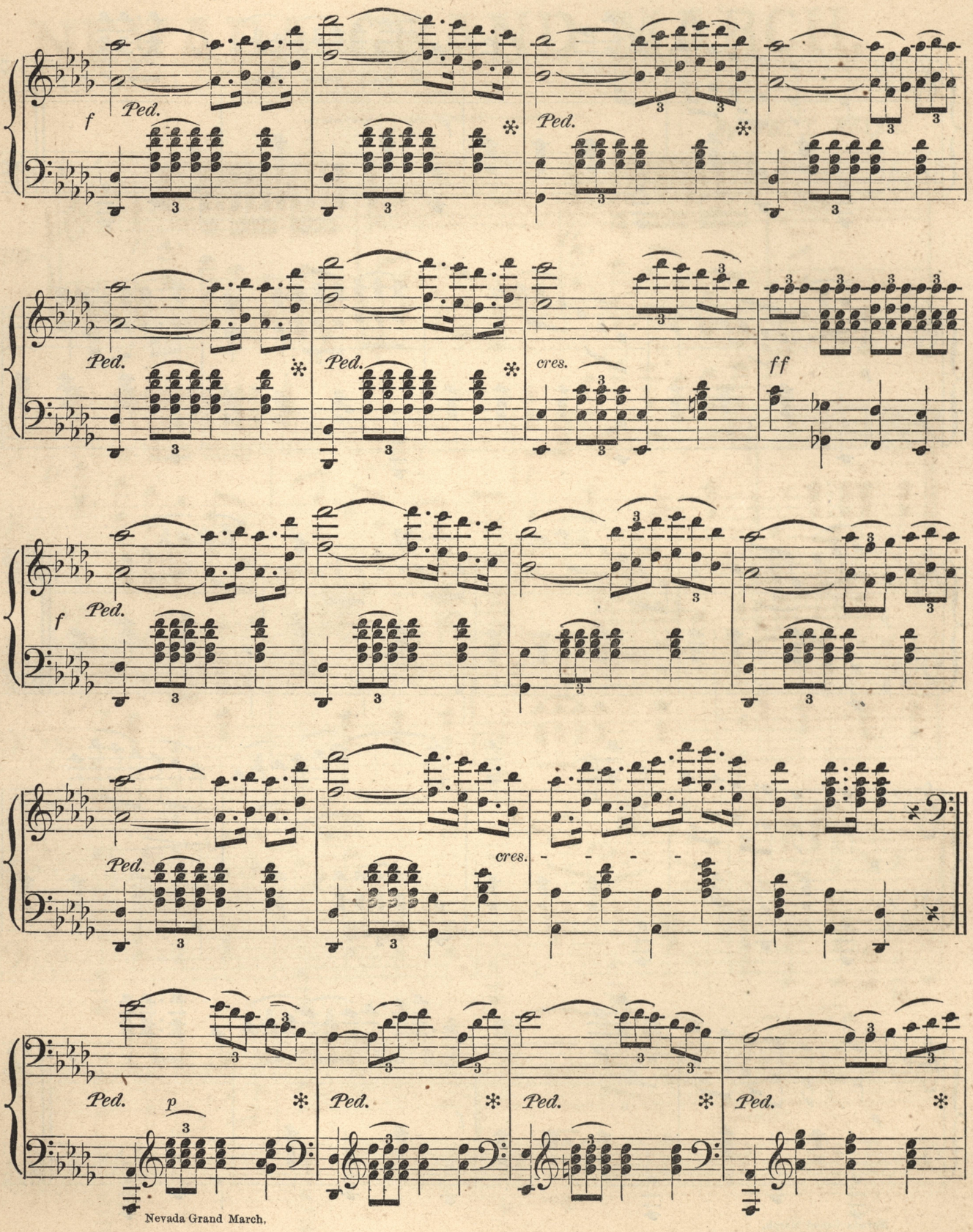

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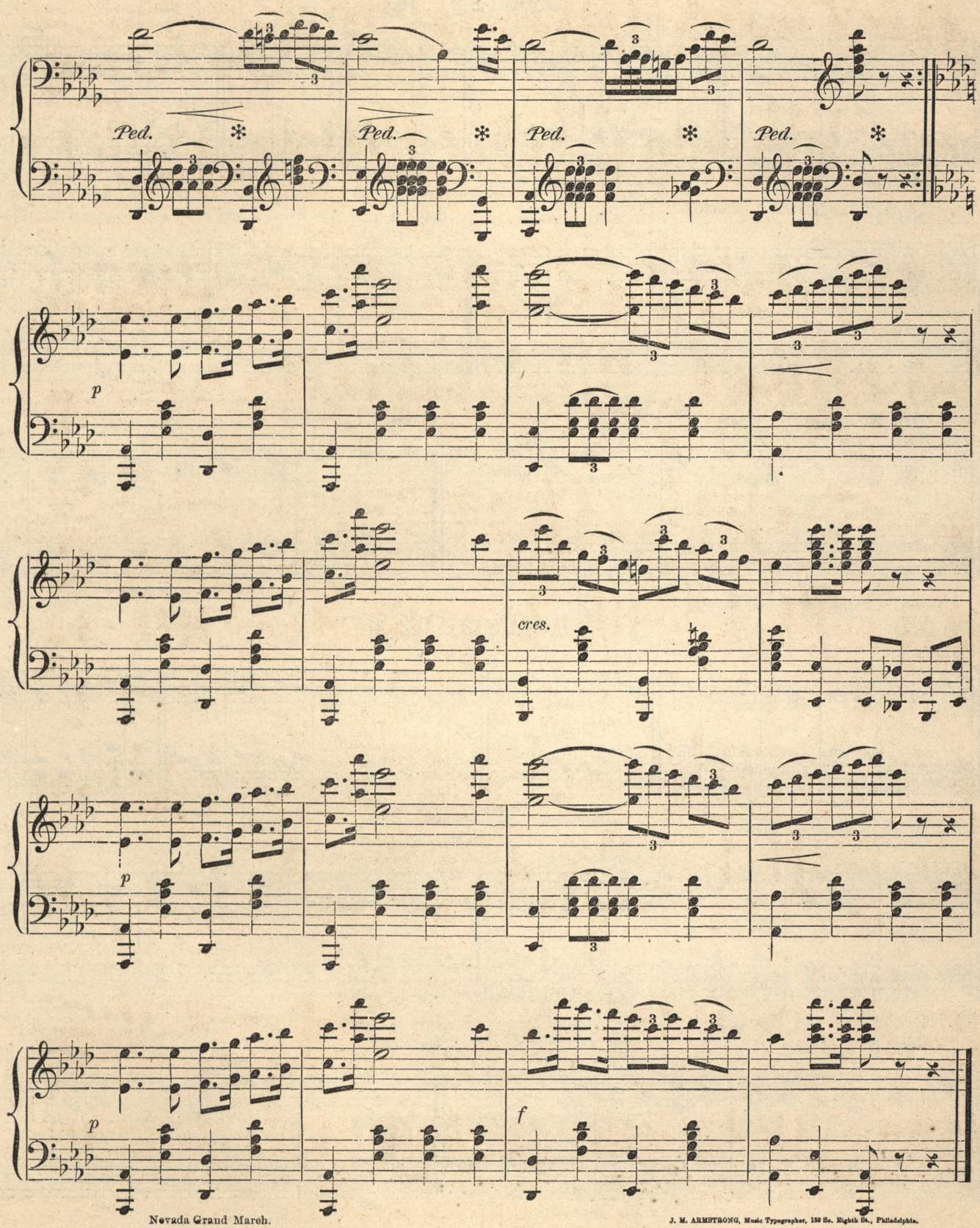

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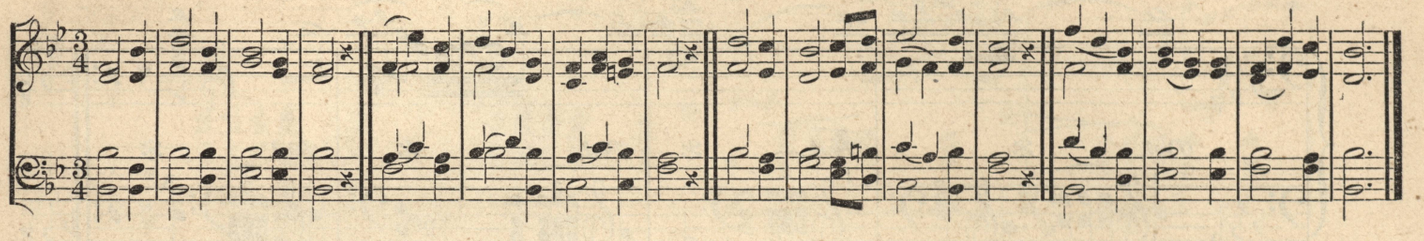

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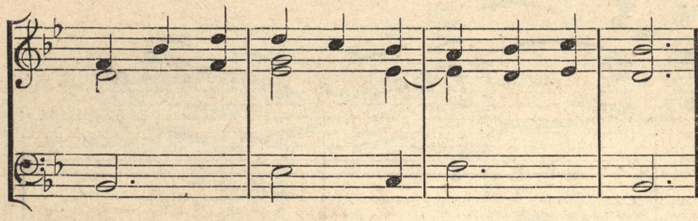

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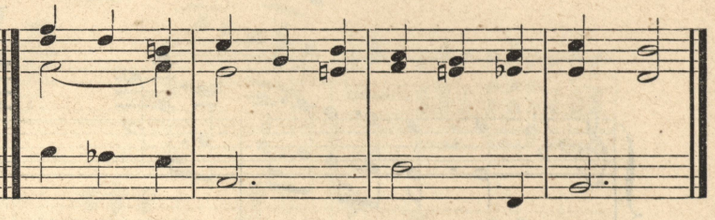

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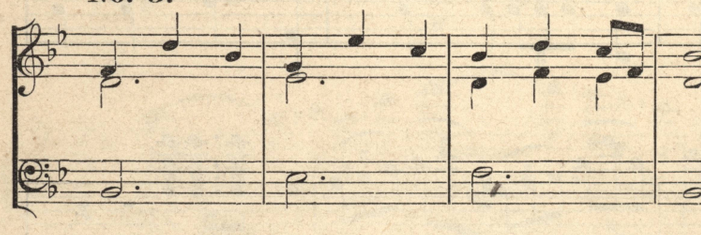

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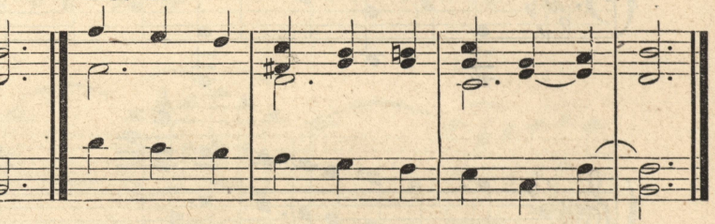

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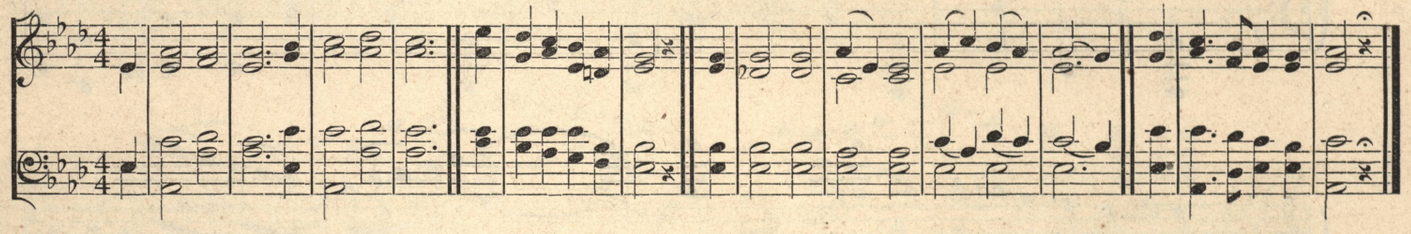

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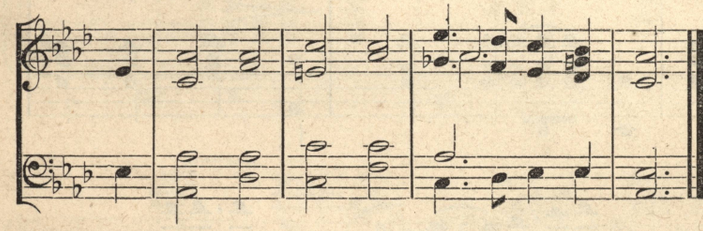

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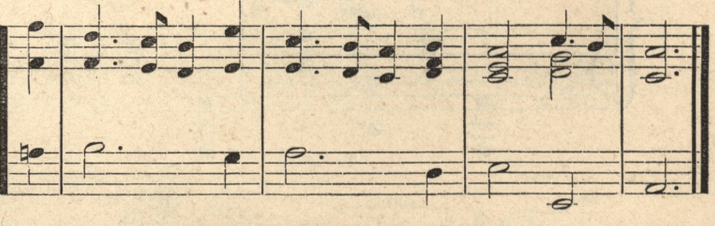

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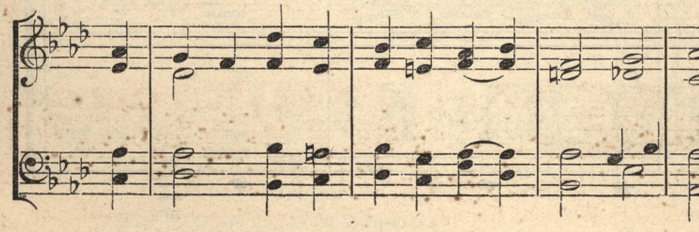

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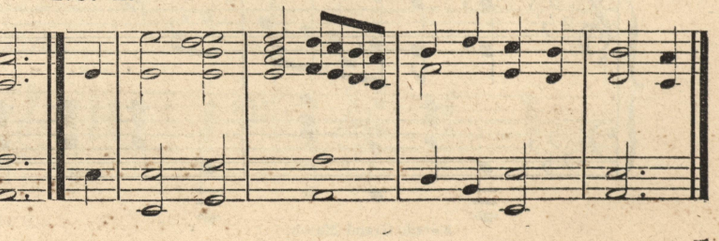

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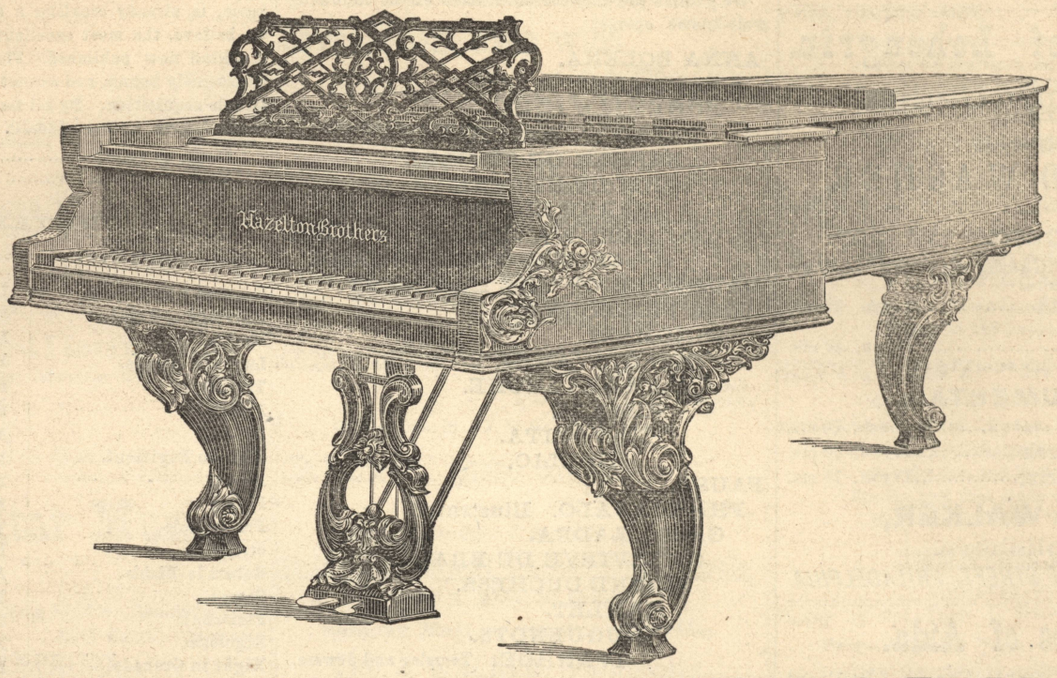

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